

# Necromechanical

## Whitechapel

I, machine have woke to my insides  
Exposed to others like me  
These insides are not like  
The anatomy of what I once was  
Excruciating, this pain is excruciating  
I am nothing but root and uselessness  
In a man created hell  
All my mind can think is to destroy  
Anything in my way  
The stench of death is overpowering  
Though the scent is quite comforting  
I'm a machine  
I'm a machine of other worldly capabilities  
Bestowed on the weak  
I'm a machine, we are the nightmare  
That has come to life  
Can it be that I am the only one  
Believing my dreams?  
I'm a machine  
I have reached my afterlife  
But I never died  
Forever endowed with the stench of the gods  
I am harvesting the ones who haven't been born  
This imagination is reality  
This is reality, this is reality  
This is reality, this is reality  
I am a machine, I am a machine

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